

Techniques

Greg Norton

2002

Personal note:

There was this bad storm
which came thru my hometown a
number of years ago. I had found
myself pacing, anxious, and
agitated for some time precedent.
Well, must've been pretty early,
but dark
already, lightening and thunder,

some rain and wind. I were
standing by the book shelves,
doing or
looking at something, can't
remember exactly, but there were
an lightening crash, bolt and
sound
simultaneously, and shortly
thereafter, I were on the phone...
but I weren't on the phone at all!
And
thats how it were for me.
Anyway, came around, in time to
crafty endeavors, like stream of
consciousness writing, music, art,
and such as this 'art life.'

So what you may find here are
a deep sense of things, in general,
some experience, and knowledge,
and prose, poetry, and some pics.
It is rare that I get much comment
on these things in general, so
would love to hear from you. Just
remember, I'm fairly young, and
tho this is drawn from my own
life
experiences, i just can't pretend to
be, you know, all that. Just easy
to say, for me, but not really sure,
fully, of practical value, save
diversion, or pleasure.

So that's what I'd say about
that.

Serious questions and
comments are welcome.

Greg Norton
Feburary 9, 2002

A New Day

Greg Norton

Good morning, world!

Sun climb!

Clouds soar!

Heaven sent,
a new day is a glorious
celebration of new life,
new dreams,
new projects,
promises,
and fulfillments.

Finding days end is, for
myself,
like winding down a
narrow path,
rays of light darting thru
the branches.

Animals, birds and crickets
sing of life's joy.

Freedom is immense,
when you get around to it.

The world turns,
the fishes swim,
the leaves turn,

the children play.

May men rejoice
in the lives they possess,
enjoy sobriety,
and equanimity,
and dwell, in time,
in a land of their own
fashioning.

What more can one ask,
but to dwell in peace,
upon Gods green Earth.

Peace.

Blake

Greg Norton

Love Poems-

Love Divine.

In-expressive,
In-articulate,
In-divisible.

An unified whole,
Expressive One, At peace,
rest.

Hair,
Eyes,
face, in general.
This free of desire,
but peace.
Indeed.

I say,
Love not,
nor want
for excess.

Instead, find
the land
of All time
Easily strode amongst.

Given, the past is true.

Knowing thus, I, myself
find you.

Without you, Dearest, Love
is lost.

And until, free, still,
Aware,
and sanity,

thee flow not free, not at
all.

Oh, care not
for concern.

Trust time, yourself, being
true,
is said of you.

Religion.
Oneness.
Myth,
Lore,
Love,
Peace.

Busy Day

Greg Norton

Time tells no secrets,
yet from within the heart
of any immaculate artist
may emerge Truth.

Now I know All.

All, too, is real.

Not anything in particular,
just everything, all at once.

Now you know a fast
paced day.

And if I don't mind me
saying so,
I, too, have things to say,
of everything, and
anything.

Now I know, and so do
you.

My friend,
where have we to go,
but up?

And of the future,
whose to say,
but we?

For although Time
tells no secrets,
tis true, things always
return
to their home,

safe and sound.

Now I know you,
in your own simplicity,
your second-hand graces.

Now, if you don't mind me
asking,
where is it that one
comes across so well,
from?

Well, perhaps the
wellspring,
the bountious fount of
understanding,

within. Now I know Truth,
as well.

And, of such, surely,
well, Future is bright.

For, my friend, what is a
life,
but what one makes it,
in spite of the world,
and its distances?

For, distance, surely,
such has been wrought,
by wrong.

And know, now,
that wrong is not All.

All is Right, in Total.

Now, that is Real.

Peace, my friend.

Changes of Season

Greg Norton

When one sets about to
write

from his or her own heart,
many, many paths and or
directions
may be taken.

Frequently, one will look
back in amazement
upon the words which
have formed themselves,
seemingly of their own
accord.

Now, what is Time?
Well, we really don't
pretend to know.

Some say that perhaps
it is the flow of the
Universe, like its dynamic
change variable.

Is it thought possible
for an time yet to be to
somehow reach up into
our present and make
itself
known?

How could this be?
I don't pretend to have

answers here.

All really I can do is
look at what the present
shows, and make the best
judgments I can find.

But sure, it could be said,
that deeper features are
commonly, or more
precisely thought of just as
afore.

Times yet to be.
This how I know God.

Whereas in some
features, what is seen is
more like 'high,' with deep
contained within, others

show
lower, or deeper in
general, depth all around
and amongst.

Within such must
surely be just that. Deep.

What does time have to
say about the features of
the present?

Can anyone know?

Perhaps we'll all look
back, and say, well, this, or
that surely saved the day.

Perhaps not.

But where I always go

wrong is in ascribing
portent or portion to any
given day, when things
come

to Spirit, or chance.

This type, or kind of
thing always flow of its
own accord, seeming not
to be bound by the will or
ways of men and women.

In fact, such is much
like the wind itself, fluid,
flexive, ever changing,
never ceasing.

So now you know I as
well.

Calendars contains
planting and harvesting
signs, and phases of the
Moon, but neither of these
contain much signs of
Spirit, as such. Such is
foreign to man's realm,
inherently, so not of or by
mans
rules, or means.

Oh, and by the way,
things in general, I've
found, do not hinge nor
really have much at all to
do with
planetary alignments, or

such as equinox, although
at times, such are
celebrated in some areas.

Seasonal changes hold
appeal, for most, and it
seems that they allow
themselves to be set at
definite
times, such as the longest,
or shortest days of the
year.

People sometimes hold
meetings on these dates,
wanting to think that the
energies might be better
upon such.

But really, as the wind
itself has no fixed points,
so I tend to think spiritual
areas really don't either.

So, no great dramatic
change-ups upon the cycle,
nor flow, like that.

Not at that level,
anyway.

People shouldn't dream
too heavily in that area,
either,
for such is generally
unproductive for the
whole.

This how I can see I, in

time.

Neither here, nor there.

And if this is how I like
to be remembered, then so
be it.

That is nice, for I as
well.

For it definitely free up
my inner space for more
free-form maneuverings,
in general.

So now I know Life,
Time, and All.

Chants

Meaning

Greg Norton

Lovers tell no secrets.

This how I know life. I
myself, often led of self,
find keys and cues,
words and meanings,
as discerned,

to be.

Frequently showing
humor,
perhaps sense of irony,
that.

Knowing internal
meditations
to be derivative of a
collective,
in general,
becomes with ease
place also, of wellness,
in time.

Finding free to be gift to
another,
within the heart of a man,
or woman.

Seeming of afar,
and distant
lovers relate immaculate
truths
emotive understandings.

How then is this?
How does the moment
feel.

In other words,

strict questions
necessitate answers.

Points of light,
too, when seen as
shimmering bumps
upon an infinite sphere,
seem to connote Stars.

Sure enough,
vision flattens out
therin.

Oh, to be the center of a
womans Universe.

Nourishment,
indeed meaning. A feeling
of deep oneness,
in general.

Seeming, too, this life,
to be distanced,
easily, in time
from dreamspheres,
re-connect needn't
be remembered
to linger within.

Perhaps minds, the years,
grow close.

Perhaps not.

Still,
Peace,
and Oneness.

Charge

by
Greg Norton

Time tells no secrets,

yet from within the mind
of any accurate artist
may emerge genuine
truths.

Lovers, binding hearts
amongst one another,
free flowing
conceptualization and
imagery,
temporal communion...
is along such paths that
truth...
understanding may be
commuted.

Here, then, are two
questions:
Art, and process...
with their universal inter-
relevance,
and Ghost, afore all time,
benefit,
direct, mens and womens
along current relevant
pathworks.

So there you have, Ghost
in man...
with this Spirit Eternal, all
knowing...
the ancient, the elemental,

the unknowable...
the immaculate. One work
with, by, along, paths of
Spirit,
turning within, amongst,
along
righteousness for the
Good,
or dive, over time out of
life.

Complex Illusion

Greg Norton

Having returned soundly to ones own land, much learning of the present can be gained. For to have an

honest experience is to know divinity, but to know illusion, such is God. The world is just as complex as it wants to be. Period.

This which the one holds to be true, the other knows

to be false.

So, knowing first
relationships of color...
blue to clear, like water, or
yellow... to white...
cloudforms...
such brings peace.

So, to be strictly true, the
only binders of mens and
womens lives are deep
complex synchrony... and
the unknown. The ways
things turn, like marbles
upon a tabletop. Such

meanings may be opposite,
dissimilar, disparate,
distant... never that which
is thought of.

So everything has a
shadow, a time of its own.
Meanings are generally
particular to individual,
not
shared across space and
time. There is no greater
understanding that can be
found.

The common feeling that

one gets from ones
surroundings is generally
oneness. But it should
never be
thought that the one can
peer into the others world.

Now some say ghosts are
real, as the living are.
How could this be? Have
we eyes to look into
another
land, to peer into the
afterlife? No. But, 'tis
true enough, folklore holds
that presences can

sometimes
be felt, or sensed.

Current fashion finds
channelling of spirits to be
a pop culture fad, and
such may hold meaning for
some. But I myself do not
find that such fits with
established truths.

Perhaps, the rules of God
are
different from the rules of
Man. But anyone should
maintain interest in the
material far above that

which cannot be seen.
Period.

You cannot neglect the
present for the past, or
anything like that. Such
leads to bad disarray.

Reside with truth, as has
been found already. Know
time to be meanings, also,
resonances, so just be
sure of this... the living are
the present... not the
'dead.'

Fashion prayers thusly:
May I be shown substance,
and not the immaterial...
fact and not fiction. Such
is far finer than anything
man or woman may dream
up. Friends, enemies,
lovers, life... such is
freedom, immaculate and
immense. Now know, and
go to try another day.

Dancing

Meditation

Greg Norton

What does it mean, then,
to 'write from the heart?'
Well such a thing might
start
with a question much like
the previous one.

To draw upon a current
understanding,

speaking only from one's
own experiences,
and knowledges...
this is truest reward.

And, after all, what is the
face
God shows at the present?

Well, so here I sit, fingers
buried
into my keyboard, safe and
sound
to the world outside.

This is what it's like, to

write.
Such is unity, from within.
Dancing meditation.

Being aware of every
minute symbol
placed upon the page,
mindfully directing
ones own self from
within...
can't get over it, it just
feels good.

So, then, where do one go
but up?

Upon Mars... what is
there but fire, and ice?
Surely, it could be thought
that such extremes might
once be reconciled
amongst a more temperate
feel.

And what would it feel
like, when green, and
vibrant, full of life?

Might there someday
be a mossy vegetat

crawling from pole to
pole? A growth decay
cycle shaped
by winds of time, into blue-
print, sparkling streams,
and morning showers?

And what specie would
thrive most fluently?
Insects? Rabbits? Cattle?
Pigs? Humans?

Birds? Fish? Amphibians?
Reptiles?

And, as growth go,

starting with a clean slate in general may produce a less viruile atmosphere.

Just think of the aeons of mutation which could be simply left behind upon the Earth.

How would a people go about distilling pure water from polar ice? Well, probably thru solar radiation. For by applying fire to ice, then piping it's substance down to a

separation facility along
the
equator, surely water is
gained.

And to begin with, an
ark of a sort... perhaps
capable of orbital life
sustenance for years.

Sending crews upon
surface, perhaps with soil
moving equipment for lake
building...discerning best
climates within which to
exist... constructing stable

eco-spheres for large
numbers to live within as
community... off-planet
engineering allowing work
only to be done upon
surface... ongoing farming
practices within
enclosures, allowing early
on the brilliance of un-
refracted sunlight to drive
the most
efficient processes...
surely would be water
distilling.

So it could really go, for

men and women. With high interest in Mars at present, much concept divining could be gained along the way, finding room for life and growth, vision, and change... out upon a far distant sphere.

With program ordinated around Mars much as thrust of 1960s were to Moon, steady progress is made when perhaps aluminum transports,

people movers, parts and
parts, across the board...

capacitors,
resistors, chips, bars, poles.

Nuts, bolts, switches,
displays, keyboards, drills,
hammers, saws, presses,
manuals. Parts and spare
parts, across the board.

Very, very large vehicle to
fill and send out upon four
to ten year mission,
smaller transports,
perhaps, for getting things
and people to surface,
laundries,

space suits, cleaning gear
and extra gear... appears
planning center would
occupy the whole of Earths
own Moon.

And of multi-national
expidition(s)? Such time
would, or will tell.

So you see, interest is
found all around and
about, do one speak from
heart.

You be surprised what
insight can come, along
the way.

Never be afraid of
collaboration. People have
dreampt that the very air
space between them is
populated by erroneous
concepts, but as co-
operation is engendered,
so is bredth and scale,
checks and
balances, increased.

Sit and sit, and not much
get done.

Try not, and who have you
but yourself to blame.

Fin.

Ethos

Greg Norton

Now. To know a mind for
telling the truth, this is a
much. Surely it could be
said that not all of us are

artists, writers, musicians.
This why, always important
to remember to respect
the boundaries of
populist visions. These
inherently flow from the
ground up, so to call low
high in time is to contain
much of life, inherently.

We know life to be
immense, across the

board.

This why the ground is just
as important as the sky.

This, too lets things
breathe easily. Tis true,
plants
absorb carbon dioxide, for
instance, but they give off
oxygen. This has been
shown.

Now. To know how to
treat artists, this is as
much, as well. We know
peace, not from one alone,

but
from many. Such is
diversity, multiplicity.
These grow with years, to
find their words not so
much
from popular visions of art,
but from social concerns,
such as Truth, Justice,
ensuring peace is
maintained upon streets,
community activism, or
any given work fashion
which allows diversion
from
said mission, or vision.

Now, if you want to be an artist, you should jump right in. So, like this, you will have this or that experience or time to reference, or draw forth from in discerning your own truths.

Now, life comes in two fashions, really. Material, and physical. Physical people are generally more sensual... sense sustained, and the maintainance of

such. These are good, for
what they are, for they
can, when good allow
moment to flow thru, or of.

Materialists see hard
work, hands, heart, mind
all one. So emphasis is
placed upon the manual,
the
direct, the accomplished
endeavor, the product.

Some call art loose, or
light. Know, tho, from
myself, that artists lives

can be complex, dynamic.

Now do thee like art from life, Spanish art is thought to contain much of experience. Keen on illustrating life, in general. Northern European artists were at times thought Naturalistic. French thought to like manners, Romanticism, and Italians grew fertile art climate, in general. These are but four examples, cultural signposts, thought by I to

be, in places.

Traditional artistry in places can be immense in style, craft, workmanship, resonance, beauty.

To look at Eskimo art, and find Eskimo whale bone carving to be much is fine.

This contain so much magic, meaning, depth, that I find me reluctant to admit here. Such freely dance, interplay amongst myth, morph, change and

utility. Such is love for
you, time dances, the faces
of men, and culture.

Religions of the world
early on shape arts of their
own culture. Here, I'd
imagine Near East, in
particular, beyond, above
else. Such are ancient, to
be sure, but carefully
disciplined aesthetics,
finely
honed over generations.
Such is a Krishna statue to
you or I, but to another, an

sacred temple divinity.
Such is life, in general.
Christian iconography is
equal in meaning, depth,
resonance, richness and
grandeur. Such can be a
niche in a cathedral. But a
cathedral! Such word
bears capitalization,
having seen some of
grandest up close.

Imagine a
silence that stills the mind,
the meanings of such.

Arts and crafts, for pupils

and students, workers and
servants of society are
where much reside.
Finding allegory within, all
thru deep minds, in
general, unknown artists
dream dreams which too,
trickle up and down.
Children learn thru older
siblings, peers, who often
fashion works with them in
mind.

Call it incredible, but my
own work was thruout
done with primary intent

of shedding older light on
younger people, easing
passages across time,
swifiting along gracefully.

This good 'mission,' as
most say, but find more
probable place within
order of English teacher,
or

vocabulary enrichment, in
other words, that which
can be said, within reason,
logic. Key meanings
such as life, time, Spirit,
the within, suchness...

eyes tend to grace them
with such, inherently.

Pays to
weild ones wealth
gracefully, truth right
straight thru. Process,
form and proper. Equity,
peace,
oneness, and bliss. Such
is good ground for writing
session

Mind is real, to be sure, so
say what you feel, but
never take up space
without saying anything.

Be it
art, life, freedom in
general, music, work time,
play... have a say, or fall
aside, ignored.

What really is mind, if not
a testing ground... a grand
illusion. Sense of oneness,
place, this is a given,
but illusion, never fall
astray this way.

Oh, could I ever find
telepathy, whispers in the
night. But don't let

appearances deceive, ever.
This is
rule, for always are caring
hands within reach.

Logic, rules,
governances... mind-body
relationship, in general...
such what the words are
about,
herein, so pay to comfort
that shape and allow into
oneself as gift unto
yourself. Habits, too, are
real.

Moderation in all good

things really is the key to
life. This important to
remember.

Liking simple art, such
lives within as peace. This
good style. Large visions,
this good for peace, for
orchestra, or thru great
skill, but maybe tends too
much for one, who yet has
time with being 'all that.'
So mind time, be true, and
find all in simplicity.

Primacy may be found in

early crafty endeavors, but
later skills lend toward
focus, to homing in on
simple truths, conversely
breadth, or scope. This is
'full fledged,' too, so come
away from writing
gracefully, with tact, and
style.

What else will the bright
evening reveal? And from
where will I draw
sustenance? Such is time,
full
fledged, or else, so one

does from the heart. Such
life is rich in midst of the
ordinary. Peace.

Foundations

Greg Norton

Time tells no secrets,lest
they are drawn out by
another.

Men, of course,
also remember the past
of themselves.

So we all learn lessons.

So it isn't thought
that one to another
is unjust,
or unjustified.

In fact,
the laws alone
uphold the foundations.

They are that.

It is known, thee,
how time churns on
ceaselessly, endlessly,
in eternally evolving cycles
and permutations.

The mists within which we
dwell
are time.

He stretch out
everywhere,
all around.

Never ending,
never ceasing,
and also, my friend,
re-born,
into life eternal,
where all of good
is attainable,
thereof.

Friends,
enemies,
all,
One,
much, such
this how I know I.

For One, my friend,
is All, a name we place,
to speed along,
into life.

...not peace, alway,
tho cometh at times.

And where do,
or did such
as we find redeemer?

Some three thousand year
ago.

This is God, for most,

herein.

And of what within which I
fall?

One?

Perhaps, at best,
an more equiniminous
interpretation
of Christ.

That is all.

Now God, spelled as such,
is far more than

singularity,
or autonomy,
or these natures
we call divine.

All is lightening,
or thunder
shower,
or sunrise.

Such is Universe,
in its material graces.

For what do we,
as men,
know, us, of such,

if not atom, molecule,
nitrogen,
carbon,
helium,
radon,mercury,
lead,
greenhouse.

These are my concerns,
also.

I know you,
too, to share such.

And find,
such all as we

to know much, of such,
in time,
of own accord.

And happy,
too, to cross distances
in times of peace,
bridging
what vast spaces may be,
to gently gift
that which may be found.

May grace of God
go with us all.

Amen.

Freedom

Greg Norton

Time tells no secrets,
yet from within the mind
of any intricate and full
fledged vision
one can see many,
many visions.

Over time, the visions
within a deep work of art
simply fade, as more solid
truths,
of the time tested variety
do emerge.

This is known.

Now, how do I get out of
the sense of being able to
see all futures
from the mind of a single
man?

Well, let me tell you one
thing, here.

When a man tells you
he means business on
something,
that is real.

It shouldn't be taken
lightly.

Now what I say of that, is
this,
surely men and women
both
become them led of things

they can't
or maybe should control.

Well, to look upon ones
actions,
and find discongruency,
this is often discouraging.

Point being,
perhaps, the will of a child
is simply more than a man
can bear.

For having much found
solace within
solitude,

wanting,
needing it in actuality,
it could be said
that a mans desires are
realized
when he looks within the
heart
of something which no
other can know of.
Ever.

This is the secret some
men hold within.

I cannot tell you how it
could come to be,

but the dreams we all
have,
and share,
are really, and truly
reflective
mostly
of our own deep desire
or longing
for one of our own kind...
as it would be shown.

So, to look upon I,
as white, and one, won as
such,
and see not that my own
mind

finds home herein,
is akin to tragedy.

For surely, one such as of
my nature,
will, night vision,
judgmental acuity,
authority, within... without,
and foreknowledge
skillings,
surely such is found
arrayed for and by,
amongst my own world.

This how I know love.

For I do not hold that men
and women
hold any special kinship to
one another,
lest they share the same
type, or kind of
background,
at least from the same
line, somewhere.

This how deep bonds are
formed.

The monarchical families all
practiced
some form of hegemony,

on some level.

The continuing of an
authority grade line,
without regard for race or
gender,
surely prompts disrespect
amongst
those who have a mind to
know better.

But, do it be said,
however,
that a deep time is wanted
or needed,
from one to another,

surely, freedom is found
somewhere within free
men.

Period.

Friend

Greg Norton

Lovers relate immaculate
truths

in spheres
undefined. Knowledge is
where you find it.

No other truth need be
spoke.

Time only is immense.

Universe is sky.

Where, ever do these
words flow from?

Perhaps the heavens.

Perhaps below.

I don't really know.

Frankly, such isn't seen
herein
just from where.

Firstly, love need be taken
in small portions.

This keeps things straight.

If you know I, then who'm
I to complain?

Friend, enemy, love, life...
all the same.

So it goes.

On and on.

Friday, the eagle flies.

Sunday, the church begins.

Freedom is immense.

So is love, for that matter.

So, however far one travel,
he or she will always
return home,
safe and sound.

Friendship

Dance

Greg Norton

What's in a name?

Much. Men and women look to their own past to understand their present.

Does the soul continue beyond the grave? Well, there's never been found any proof of the soul.

Perhaps, knowing one's own self leads the mind backwards... into one's name. What are stars? Do stars have ghosts? Do planets have them? Perhaps Gaia is a great

deep being, within the
Earth. Many
have dreamt this way.

What is man? What is
woman? Masculine and
feminine, black and white,
up and down, left to
right... messages often
come in twos. Following
down a page, building
meanings, messages, over
time,
to arrive upon conclusion.
An artesian well, a
bubbling stream of water,

flowing up from the
earth...
such is the human mind. A
vessel, a temple, a shrine...
light the heavens with
stars! Evening has
arrived.

And when rote and
habit fails, resort to
intuition. Dance is water,
a feather upon the wind, a
turning
leaf. Intuition, flowing
freely, always arrives at its
destination.

And know, too, that
freedom is found within.
Within the human mind,
there are few limitations.

To
tap the hidden spring, and
draw forth sustenance, for
the future... such is love.

To see meaning and
beauty in a thing
necessitates one's eyes
being open.

I guess, if I had a belief
system, it would lay in the

understanding of how
improvisational writing
and music is the vehicle
thru which the heart finds
expression. To see
patterns, deep rhythms
and
cycles present within one's
own output surely leads to
the sense of God present
within one's self.

The Universe is all-
inclusive. It is for this
reason that all seems
interconnected. All of

Man is one
living, vibrant being. Time
has no beginning, nor
ending. It is one
ceaseless, changing whole.

All of
the past, all of the present,
and all of the future are
one. Nothing is truly
within itself alone.

Resonance is like
understanding. Meanings
are times resonances.
Surely, such as we bring
joy to

those above. Like music,
the lives of men and
women are songs. To
touch upon a hidden truth,
a
gemstone, is to lift before
one's eyes a thing
fashioned of God.

Poets see similarities in
things. It is for this reason
that they write. To share
an understanding with
another is to transmute
one's spirit. The artists
role is to shed light.

What is a tree? To keep
one's feet firmly upon the
ground is to be able to find
shade.

To be an artist is truly
to see days, months, years,
flowing across the face of
one's consciousness.

Knowing redemption and
freedom, the true, and the
right, such is gain,
inherently. To see that one
is
the same today as

yesterday, this is
improvement. To continue
onward, to keep growing,
this is
rejuvenation inherently.
Finding one's own
meanings to become
clearer with time,
advancing into the
future is exciting, like
watching children being
born.

Would one gain, he or
she must experience pain.
Work yeilds rewards. One

should go the distance,
and dream ones dreams,
afore he or she is old, and
weak. Such allows one to
look upon the past with
understanding, and
knowledge.

G.M.T.

Greg Norton

Lovers relate no secrets,
herein,

lest they be needed of
another.

Surely, one could find
much within you,
or this,
or that,
to appease ones fancy
for an evening.

But, what is evening to
one,
if not morning to another?

And night to one,
but day to the other?

And now you know
how I feel in general.

Knowing to be free herein,
and not to cling strictly
unto day, night, eve nor
morn,
allows much fluidity, much
grace
to freely play.

Now, hopefully you see

how Earth itself is so much
better
when brought into
a general GMT framework.

Such let you see clearly
where one stand,
without peculiar
distinctions
of night or day.

This is important to
remember
for the world community.

And much so, in fact. Now,

time, telling no secrets,
surely live within the heart
of all,
in fine fashion all.

Upon the heartstrings of
the world
do these sentiments, these
verbs
quietly, softly strum.

Lord above,
what is aim for men,
if not to merely swim
amidst
the bountious currents

of ocean depth.

Surely, contain much
peace,
for all., in time, love, and
All.

Good Humor

Greg Norton

Now, what do I know?
From my heart? Well, we
all are one. There is but
one Man.

If you want to get
started talking about art,
well, I might have much to
say here, as well.

Well, what is a picture?
A picture is an image, a
visual representation,
intended to convey an
emotion or a meaning.

One can capture the face
of another in paint, or
upon photographic film.

An older woman. What
does she hold for a young
man? Well, much. For
there are years, many,
many days spent leaning,
changing, growing, across
time. Find free to be
correspondence between
an
older person and a
younger, for old likely to
be somewhat removed

from much particular
concerns of
present, which young may
feel.

When a young mind
wants to gravitate back
around into the present,
he or she can look into the
past. For it really helps to
know what the past has
shown, of one or another,
so to know from where to
begin.

Now, what of

friendship? I know one to
be heart, not time, or all,
anyway, so that's where I
am
coming from. But for you,
whose heart lives in space,
or in time, well, much can
be said.

Now, what, friend, do
you say we survive the
present, get beyond grave
and morbid, and get us
back
into existance, the lives we
share?

Love lives within,
without and all thru. Else,
we come unglued of
sundry things. Now I
know all.

All is done, by me, for the
best, so to try, surely yeild
reward, gift. Now time,
freedom, immense,
gravity, present. Good.
Now you know you, too, as
well, so this too, is good.
One, two, three, four, such
is time. (Note the
progression in linear

fashion.) Now God, too is
real
person. God might be you,
or I, in time, do we assume
such shape. And for you,
who too, is man,
there may be found
reward yet. So, life, yes,
life is real as well, across
board. And what future
hold,
for we, well, time will tell.

Knowledge is immense,
when you get around to it.
For to learn well, such can

require rote
memorisation, or study.

The way so much of the
present is, tho, for
readers, is like scanning,
searching, or questing for
a
specific understanding, for
to lead oneself unto it.
Period.

This way lives are kept
straight. What are
libraries, if not place for
learning. Period.

Now, All, this is right,
by me, to call One, in time.

So for you, who hold no
secrets yet, save thee coax
them forth of thine own
effort, I find good
peace, in time. This is
real, too, so I say, try a bit
harder, therein, and see
what come of it, in time.

Good Will

Greg Norton

Time itself leads some
astray.

That is why, dear friend,
its so important to always
remember
to exercise
ones heart not
in the land
of misdeed,

or misfortune,
impropriety,
or imprudence.

True enough,
love is immaculate.
Deep feelings,
such as how God
may feel for man,
any given sense of such,
are or will never be
known.

Some decry spirit
as impersonal,
or machine-like. For these,

such may be seen.

Having myself seen
far more than just such,
sure enough seems
important
to remember this:

God is Good.

Knowing this,
how men and women
have to live together,
for all time,
it would seem,
and the ails of

fascination,
working towards
always
austerity,
diminishment,
and lucidity,
peace and sound,
within ones own
contentment,
gain could be said
to lie more soundly
within,
than without.

For isn't it true
that men and women must

work,
to live?

And aren't the laws in
place
for a reason?

And isn't good judgment
a mandate of the gods?

And isn't good will
one to another
requisite for collective
survival?

And are not one sound

already?

Within that which one
already has? Therefore,
would one gain,
surely,
such would be brought
forth as bright newness,
autonomy of vision,
by and for ones own self.

Freedom is truly
found
within ongoing
vision,
dreaming, too,

of past,
in time,
seeming
to balance the two
all along what eyes
reveal,
and what is allowable,
or not,
thru end
of all such
as artifice,
or incincerity,
tending toward
familial oneness,
and good will
one to another.

Guidance

Greg Norton

Lovers relate

immaculate truths,
in spheres unrelated.

Knowing this,
how men and women

have to live together,
inherently,
and women,
the wiles and ways
of the world,
for a man,I myself
find resurgence
and readmission
amongst
you,
yourself,
who
seek not the
faster,
more 'out there'
arenas of existence,

at all.

Having,
apparently,
already ground
oneself
safely
in the comfort
of ones own land,
a strong,
stable connection,
as the Lord has shown,
in time,
such as this,
for a man,
is immense relief.

This I know,
basically,
because I were there,
myself.

Finding myself
to be both giver and taker,
receiver and given
of those about,
it seems important always
to remember the One
within ones own heart.

Period.

Heart

Greg Norton

Gifted of the Good, many
things are possible.

Love all, thirst not for firm
guides,
but lean instead to the
arms
of your one true love,

herself like the Cosmos,
whose heart you find in
peace.

Fine peace flows from her
eyes,
as her peace is
immaculate.

Find yourself to be
both giver and taker,
receiver and gift of those
about.

Fashioning yourself along
true forms,

over time find the image of
God.

This how I know art.
Art is true,
lest one be led astray.

Time itself tells no secrets.
This I know.

Text, the written word,
shelters some from
disgrace,
others from dislike.

So, next time you fall,

blame not upon the
cosmos,
but only yourself,
gifted as you are of the
New.

Heart Connect

Greg Norton

Lovers know one
another's hearts solely by

the gifts theys give one
another.

Assume, for a moment,
that one is true principally,
for one's own self.

Then, say, where does
ones allegience sway, or
lean along the way?

At best, perhaps, ones
own known, and the
familiar.

How, then, to get
around the sense of being
able to lend perspective, at
a given time, or instance?
Like, say, how do one value
ones self, at best?

Perhaps, for the
materially active, a craft,
hobby, a hard work
endeavor, like commute to
work, or all
the balancing features of
'the system' as a whole.

Or, say, for a passive

time, in general, one feel
ones self 'high,' relative to
ones ability to somehow
sit back, observe, or learn
in general from ones
senses and perceptions.

Guess, for myself, best
has to come from the
pages of an encyclopedia,
or favorite book in
general.

Such as this, in a sense,
let minds of others simple
tho they are, or complex,

as may be, also have
thems own treatment of
themselves, say, without
'help,' or 'assistance' of
'myself.'

Guess, do I ever choose
to lend hand, as seen
sometime, perhaps in third
party opinion aspect, such
may be like be seen by me
as personal construct of
'perspective,' as it were,
what I may do or see, from
an outsiders sense of
things.

However, knowing only
immediate perceptions in
kind of like, say
'pictograph,' or image
fasion,
tending to generalize, or
gloss over, in general, say
what a counsellor or
therapist would not want
to do,
in general.

Know such as organic
dynamic of an emotional
test upon another or

anything like that to be
more
actually like simply a brief
moment in time, such as
this tend to ignore deep,
maybe future even too,
and plans for individual(s)
involved, already thought
acuitous for they
themselves.

This, indeed, why
important always to keep
nose and all generally out
of ongoing of others deep
all, especially given that

no such as fees or
anything were ever paid
for such 'service.'

Tending, at times, to
find such as heart felt one
on one to be very hard,
boring, or maybe even
perhaps annoying, but
honestly, such probably
would be looked back
upon as significant
moment in a
relationship, from a
general sense.

Guess, from my own
feel, such might have
meaning for any kind of
family, say, where a 'heart
connect,' in time were ever
thought or desired of
thought wise within.

Heroes

Greg Norton

Is childhood really what
we call life?

Well, maybe, not. Such
seems to be sheltered
much, in arms of parents.

But young, do, in time
enter such as life, and find
what it has to show,
throughout.

First rule of life, upon
opening the door, in my
opinion: 'Know

thyself.'Then one may
know another, in time to
give ones gifts gracefully.

And what of heroes?

Well, this what young
minds look up to, older,
too, in time, and thru such
find ourselves led along
paths
we choose.

Heroes, too, found
themselves firstly, I know,
for to in time have a

say, and the greatest gift,
to give unto
another.

This so important to
remember.

But do another prove, in a
sense, their mettle, or
worth unto such as I, as
young man, look upon
such as
guide, or gift, for I, myself.

This can be how such as
even adult as I, tho young,

give myself a life, a
boost.in general.

For to know another with a
heart for honesty,
indivuality, or speaking the
truth, such do, indeed,
give
good feelings all around.

This how life is sound,
throughout.

At best, kids know right
and wrong of parents
disciplinary treatments,

the eyes parents generally
have
in back of their heads... all
thought well, in general.

Bible lessons, right and
wrong, (such as always tell
the truth, having a
conscience,) early grade
teachers, principles, peers.

Coaches, leaders, all find
worth and value not only
within honesty,
truthfulness, fitting in, but
also,

spirit of individuality, and leadership, being willing to take a stand, when thought needed, or wanted.

For these are also a notable aspect of youth, when seen through older eyes.

'Tis true, the ability to take orders, work well with others, and get along, this probably thought easiest to work with, or lead, for

instance.

But, do thee see sparkle in
eyes, eagerness, or hunger
for knowledge in mind of
younger?

Well, then also you know
thee have much, to see of
future, within such.

(Such is regarded
differently, somehow.)

For, it is known how some
tend to be leaders of

others, come to places of
responsibility.

Student council,
Honor Role,
Scouts,
sports, all have different
roles
all within.

Especially this sense come
in workplace,
jobs,
working with and under
authority,
and with others.

(For here, even lunch-
break hold meaning. For,
to share meanings of
morning gracefully, and
not to shy
away, this is thought well,
or healthy.)

In life, you have
quarterback, tight end,
center, or say, willingness
to let ones self shine, in
general,
show ones skills, or simply
have a good time.

Church, or class, grade, or
interest sphere, even folk
rock band... have
leadership roles all within.

Point being, distances to
be crossed are much.

Remember, older
meanings for word God
are often particular to
adult world, the big boys
realm, say
the ways we work, or fit in
within Mans big world.

(Here, too, of God: The
All... Nature's Universe, be
it lightening storm, April
shower, the Cosmos, in
their material graces, such
simply are, as well.)

Different meanings for
God, all.

But the way men find
such, actually, to lay most
practically, ordinarily,
within standards of
honesty,

forbearance, ability even
to give of ourselves, the
way we treat others, in
general.

Peers, the hard meanings
of society, say, work ethics.

In fact, 'how do we find
the littlest among us?'

Well, this how we find
ourselves, in time.

This is, by way, Gods land,
so youth be mindful, we
need respect and honour

those above, in general.

(For tis true, such as ye, or I, may have to cross back this way, or that, in time, so behooves one such as I, or ye, to leave nought but footprints of our passages. No ill will. This is thought best.)

So now I see, perhaps,
three or four
understandings of God.

Firstly, perhaps, standards

of right and wrong,
morals, or ethics, or say
having a conscience...
parental
involvement.

Secondly, perhaps,
knowing ones self,
containing, perhaps,
heroes, too to show our
paths.

Man, in his kingdoms.

Peers, and social
understandings... complex

life, in general... tests and
challenges, and perhaps,
lastly,
divine, be Christ, or Saint,
Muhummed, or Buddah,
and within these lands, in
general, the Almighty,
which some men hold
much, and say so, do them
have a mind or will to.

So this the best I have to
give, this good day.

So I am well, now, and may
rest, a spell, to try again.

Impressions

Greg Norton

Facination.

What wonder word
contains!

Yet,

within its
pages
flows
deep,
insufferable
malaise.

Sure enough,
World itself
seems rather
narcissistic
at times.

Times like
these
lend themselves

to introspection
inherently,
and so,
delving
into various
histories
basically
across the board
seems to
be
a
mire
of
wonder.

So, then,

dear
reader,
sit not and ponder
for longer
than
dwindling
fascination
allows.

Trust,
it fades,
as most transient
things indeed do,
into perhaps
general
richness

on some levels,
various
things like this.

Trust yourself,
however,
to
know your moment,
to
trustingly
begin anew,
any given time.

Time turns tricks
for us,
it would seem.

So let us not
neglect
the time,
for its own
sake.

Has truths
to relate,
understandings
to commute,
impressions
to record,
feelings,
perhaps,
in time, to find.

Just these
understandings
I have found,
as artist/writer,
which
I seek to relate.

May they serve you well.

Leanne

Greg Norton

Time tells no secrets,
yet from within the head
of any immaculate artist
may emerge genuine
truths.

Lovers relate no
understandings,
lest they are drawn out by
another.

This how I know God.

Looking upon the past,
I remind myself
herein,
the ways that all of us
are bound up together
as essentially one man,
one woman.

Some hold language
barriers
to be the main
distinguishers
one from another.

But I am sure we are all
the same,

basically, within.

This how I know life.

Now what Life has
to say about this,
remains to be seen.

For surely, it could be
said that not all of us are
artists,
musicians.

Then, why, my friend,
do some of us pretend so
much

to be just that?

Well, has to
do with peace.

For to put ones self
upon the page,
surely brings future gain.

Looking upon
the past of myself,
I see an un-broken
chain of artworks,
united by an singular
thread.

"Why don't you go look
within?"

This is what they say,
to me, myself.

Why am I concerned
with getting the peace
related?

Perhaps, because
of what the Truth
has shown myself

Still, yet, I go,
ever watching

for new clues,
on the face
of my consciousness.

"What might these reveal
to me today?"

"How will I know thee
better,
oh Lord?"

Now, to relate
just one more
practical understanding,
before drifting gracefully
back upon the next

cloudbank,
and dreaming..

Where does
one go for rest?

Here.

Not anywhere else.

Might I now
have my peace?

Good.

Bye, bye.

Life

Greg Norton

The things and truths
which so much make us
like one another are these.

Principles. Beliefs. Legal
groundworking.

Judiciousness.
Compassion.

Friends know one another
often thru the gifts they
give one another.

For a young person, such
might be a car, at
graduation. Or a hat for
birthday.

A college tuition, for
instance, sure enough
qualifies the parent for all
could ever be good, of the

youth.

Friends relate one another
largely thru acceptance,
understanding... one
another's contentment.

Sure enough, greed in a
youth is much like
admission of defeat in an
adult.

How I know this, I cannot
say.

But to know one with a

heart for speaking the truth, well, this gives good feelings all around.

Remembering the many ways and paths of an adult sure enough reminds a young one, when brave enough to remember himself, that the adult reach and interplay is much. Therefore, youths neednt imagine all of older is of them, or even relevant. Ever. Paths cross, as

always, wherever one
goes.

Thy not sit and dream of
others, nor do they, ye.
Period.

Do time show you hard,
well, then that is good, for
some.

Why is this? Because tests
of the will, being not so
much for answers, tend to
build later stamina, in life.

For an older person to

remember his 'past' as
being 'behind him,' or her,
well, this almost always
calls
the adult better...
improved. This is the path
things often travel here...
in growing up... pain,
(patience)... yeild gain.
Work. Fitting in. Being
friendly. These are the
tests we give young people
in
general.

Time, well, he knows all.

That is why it is important
always to remember
honesty.

How does one show what
one knows? How to get
another there? Do look
good, in general, tho, then
surely such as discipline,
or or any work will be
present.

Knowing to write, in
regular fashion, say, seize
the day, um, in other
words, know when the

time has
arrived to sit afore the
processor, and taking such
as your gain, for such day,
this how things get done
in time.

Finally, looking back upon
what one has done for a
week, say, or a month,
well, surely this feel good.

Writing, inherently, sprung
of moment, contains
chance.

People, being men, only,
not God, cannot see the
future. Why is it, my
friend that things happen
bad in
world? I dont rightly
know. Is this because men
don't do right, in the
home? Well, such is
uncertainty,
finally appearance, or
insight.

As time pass, and one
becomes more suredly one
within the greater whole,

understandings begin
emergent to show truth as
may be. Certainly, these,
given credit for God, as it
were, with perspective,
time, distance, these
understandings shape up
appearance, for time yet to
be behind... to lie afore.

This
is life. Men know God,
also, thru themselves.
This is not a hard thing,
no, for such often call one
sick,
or ill.

Knowing this, time telling
no lies, in time, save
generalizing, or forgetting,
remembering, too crisis
times of afore... long afore,
like say, French
Revolution, and surely art
sprung around this time,
well,
kids, we're probably
blessed, as is.

Thats God, showing there,
by way. He or she feels
down to be up, in time, low

to lie deep, or under the
rest. This is good too,
since boats float upon
water. The boat is the
item, for men, not the sea.

This is
good for I, because I don't
like unneeded attention,
distraction. Already
knowing one to lie soundly
within my four, maybe six
walls, simple life in
general, this my friends is
where peace reside. Not
money, or excess. Now
you know youth, which

already are young. This
try, some to get there, or
wherever, but simple as is,
trust God to know best.

Men, generally more
ascertive, in general. This
is good.

Women, well, men
sometime feel for those
who are often 'led' places,
neglecting their moments,
their
time. Seize it, not with ill,
but with good, on thy side.

This is life.

You love I, you know God.

God is woman to some
men. Women, too, know
life, in time. But

younger, still than such lie
youth. Youth, always feel
their oats. Regardless of
where they ascend from.

This how they, in time find
themselves. This is

important to remember,
basically, cause it keeps
society together.

Important, too, to

remember how life shows,
at times, more of self than
thought desirous, by
all, well, then what have I
to say, for I myself am no
more guilty than other.
Nor innocent.

Well, afore all I place this
regarded comment, and
trust.

Period.

Live Long

Greg Norton

Look within!

And see.

Look within,
and friend,
what thee show thyself
surely is Time,
no less,
no more.

For it is thru the
 inscription
of text upon the page
that time is passed,
 friends are made,
 loves are lost,
 or found,
 as time show.

Oh, to find Earth at peace
 within thyself.

Such is the future,
 always will be,
 my friend.

Concessions,
allowances,
these are allowed by God.

Monitoring global climate
change
surely takes battalions of
individuals,
working on a daily basis.

Glacial lakes,
rises,
and falls, in ocean
temperature,
knowing, all along,

that there is no science
which can predict God.

The human mind,
with it's worries
and perturbances
eloquence
patience,
insights,
surely find peaceful states
at times.

Lore,
liberty,
oneness,
peace,

the logical aim
of each individual
to take that which he or
she needs,
no more,
surely take time
to learn.

Maybe, you'll find
you can turn laze,
or haze,
around,
and become,
as it were,
the first to go out for
the morning paper.

So love thy brother
as thyself,
cherish well your
thoughts,
and live long.

Period.

Love

Greg Norton

The things and truths
which so much
make us like one another
are this: Eyes, hair color,
skin, facial features,
such as this.

To take one truth,
and deeply make it or her
ones own,
calls forth greatness from
such a one.

So, then, love is what you

make of it.

Having heart, have hands,
craft, thee find door to
success
round about.

Know, then that truth lives
without,
within, and all thru.

Here, there, everywhere,
all know God to be One.

One is love, life,
truth, peace, All.

So, All, being One,
needn't bow afore the eyes
of man,
the secret truths of the
Ancients,
her gracious loving host
and heart.

Time, being out there,
as one would find, liveth in
dreams only.
Tis here and now, none
other are found of it.

Future, plans and woven

documents,
fortell dreams of Future,
Galactic lore and peace.

On Artists

Greg Norton

Now. To know one with a
heart for honesty, this is a
much. To try hard is surely
to fail at times. But do
you find a groove, a

rythm, a pattern, a mode,
then surely life gets easier.

This is basically discipline.
Knowing to get a groove in
life, live it, as far as it will
take you, into the
future, bold and free, wise
and sharp, round and full,
this is a good thing.

To write requires much
discipline, patience, and
practice. Learning good
paths over time. Which
lead up, and which lead

low, this is good.

But the young writer,
artist, or musician will
learn how he or she will be
asked to live thru some of
his
works, experience them
first-hand. Particularly if
he or she employs
paranoid-critical
techniques in
generating his art.

This comes with public
display. Such can leave

bruises, scars, which can
take time to heal. Try well
to
be patient throuout your
journeys, for they can be
therapeutic.

But artists must know how
words and sounds are
aspects of the present
world as well.

Such as wickedness,
within yourself or the
actions of others, which
fall poorly within one page

or
another, of a generally
good work, can twist the
creators self image into
poor shapes.

Art is deep. Such exist for
reasons, and are generally
particular to the life cycles
of the artist
concerned.

One might at one time be
exploring an aspect of his
or her past, at another,
looking far into the future.

Both senses can interplay,
conjoin.

Acts of God, accidents,
wickedness, and greater
systems can reflect badly
upon documents, making,
at
times, appear worthless,
or diminished.

But such makes life real.
Teaches lessons. Keeps
things straight, in general.

Find process. Keep it

straight. Keep good
records, in general, and
you will, in general, fall
where you
like.

What comes too, at times,
is sense of the importance
of getting over oneself,
especially as
transformational times
become seen more clearly.
This is peace process, in
general.

It must, inherently, flow

from knowledge of that
which is, or were.

This is hard, inherently, for
an artist, because his or
her visions tend to collect
wherever they are led,
over time. Point being, get
over it. Period.

Shy people, who can be
inward, or quiet shouldn't
be afraid of stating their
opinions upon their works.

Try to keep your voice

active in the world, lest
the actions of the past
become buried within
illusion.

Period.

On Beginnings

ver. 1

Greg Norton

Love, hope, endeavor,

quietude...

Work, play... solitude...

The gifts we give one
another, the crafts of
heart, and hands....

Time tells no secrets.
This I say. Yet any given
man or woman may look
far into the distant past,
and divine the future.

Future, to me, anyway,
is a construct of man,

based upon the simple,
basic forms outlined
amongst
the lessons of history. We,
collectively, form the
whole. The Mind, itself
leads some astray. Yet
from
within the mind of any
accurate artist may
emerge genuine Truths.

Truths, put forth within
deep spheres, unto the
high places of Earth, and
sky, these, too, set forth

goals, or aims, to which
the Elements may, in time,
relate, or aspire.

Man, woman, mind,
child... Earth, sky...
season... evolution... it's
no wonder the elements
are in
tune. They simply are.

And what of love? Love
is this feeling... the
binding of hearts, in
mystical oneness. Surely,
such

finds its restful place,
where time slows, depth is
found, and silence...
space... room to breathe.

Ahh, blessed silence,
freedom from activity, or
inequality... just being,
peaceful, the immense
expanses of ocean depth.
Illuminated, seeing far into
all directions...
Enlightened, to mystery,
and
bliss, one arise amongst
currents, and return safely

to shore above.

Foot stepping upon
dock, and shore, one find
path toward comfort of
home, unpack, egress.
Kitchen, rest, feed the
animals, coffee, sit,
shower, eat, drink,
smoke... this, that. The
bed.

Dreams always return
home, safe and sound.

Morning, time to

meditate, sift thru the
meanings of time passed
unawake, coffee, outing to
store...

this or that, such life is
rich in midst of the
ordinary.

Knowing, being...
seeing...the gifts we give
one another, to confirm
our own humanity

From such as these
arise youth, age, wisdom...
the given upward flow of

the flower we call life, and
new growth.

One see always, one
self well. Setting forth
upon a touch, a carress,
one know also a point far
distant, and shape, all
along, style which forms
substance of man or
womans existance.

Having a craft, a gift, a
discipline... such is sweet
reward, indeed, for such
live on, far beyond the

turning of the last page.
To shape the future, one
must be grounded in the
past.

To remember the past,
such is the perfect gift we
give ourselves, and those
yet to be born.

On Beginnings

ver. 2

Greg Norton

Love, hope, endeavor,
quietude...

Work, play... solitude...

The gifts we give one
another, the crafts of
heart, and hands....

Time tells no secrets.
This I say. Yet any given
man or woman may look

far into the distant past,
and divine the future.

Future, to me, anyway,
is a construct of man,
based upon the simple,
basic forms outlined
amongst
the lessons of history. We,
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the past.

To remember the past,
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give ourselves, and those
yet to be born.

**On Carbon, Water,
Warmth and
Simplicity**

Greg Norton

The obstacles placed
afore the eyes and sense of
men and women, young
and old, are but just that.

Obstacles. This called life,
then, is just that. Start to
fin. Period.

To get from here to
there, well this is your
style, basically.

How, then does one
take a little, give back, too,
get over obstacles to
understanding, and in time
arrive at goal?

Fluidity, and grace are

this writers answer.

And then, when,
wanting to swift oneself
along paths of
understanding, one come
around to such
'greater whole,' and sense
place within and amongst,
freely entertaining ones
own vital engines and
drives, in general, one
alight, as it were, the
updrafts and find higher
yet, or still climactics, and
shape

forms, clouds and
columns, which too bring
rain, sun, snow, heat or
cold. So then, one find
strata of
atmosphere, and beyond,
inner space, outer, planets,
solar spheres in general,
and deep space.

And this deep, where
emptyness... vast
stillness... expasive
unknown as yet stretches,
this where
probe and voyage begin.

So there you have
space exploration, forays
and enquires to bits
beyond.

And what is bits? 1, 0,
On, off, these how I
describe bit, byte, log on,
and memory.

See, thee then this:
ones memory is relevant to
System fluidity, or
boundary, and such as
Hard Disc

veracity... knowing Mega-
byte and Solar Spheres,
one find, in time, balance
between and amongst the
greater themes... myth,
religion, Earth, love,
peace, freedom, all. And
this is how we do then, to
grow...
up... up... beyond the
known.

And as for what's come
afore, hereabouts, well,
this is mete and mettle of
all, as were. For the deep

sense of things, inherent,
come of experience,
hardness, brought forth in
climactics of dynamism...
war, ritual, movement, and
morph. Dream to dream...
sphere to sphere.

And of the outermost
planets... well, for you, or
I, such life as we just not
find support. But in
amongst the rocks and
boulders, crevases, the
underflows... there,
maybe, once or twice, we

find hope
for carbon based biological
waveform... such as this
lichen, or moss, or deep
buried microbial holdover,
of the now, then, later,
linger on.

So time goes... Boring,
in general, but, still, in
here, amongst vital
spheres of activity,
liveliness and
free-dance, one do one self
well, and then, oh, to look
upon, such is good solid

life skill in general.

So then, one may not find but simple climbing vines and promises alone, but the clear direct route afore face of God, unto arms of ones own true love, herself like the Cosmos.

On Work

Greg Norton

Thresholds of
understanding

are ascertainable in time.

Now, you know.

Period.

Time tells no secrets,
but surely we may know
all in time.

One, this is secret.

Who knows, but he
himself.

And who is he?

Well, he is I, or any other
who accepts such
designate.

For by sure, the best
anyone
can hope to accomplish
is simply to be his or her
own self.

This how I know life.

Now life is real,
lest the wiles array against
one.

This why jobs, work are
so important to
remember. Having heard it
spoke
that few will keep them,
for long,
save true, proper, well,
surely,
one could be given some

grace.

But Man, well, he is All, as
well.

So to know I, well, this
takes time.

And 'tis true, time tells no
secrets.

So go, to know in peace.

One

Greg Norton

Lovers relate immaculate
understandings
in God.

Time tells no secrets,
yet from within
the mind of any true soul
may come forth nice art.

Happy is the place

where men and women
meet.

While men may
accomplish much together,
it can be only the two
together
which can really succeed.

For life... what is it,
without vitality,
rejuvenation,
excitement,
togetherness?

Love,

well,
this is what fills the heart,
at times.

A feeling. What if time said
to you,
hey, kid, come sit with me
here,
on loves side?

Well what would you do, or
say?

This is good.

Thats what I would say.

Surely, if life be held high,
or low,
as may be,
love is the force,
for us.

It looks dim,
but is bright.

It looks low,
but is high.

Yes! Love is the One.

That which binds us

in mystical oneness,
peace.

Brings stillness.

Puts the heart at ease.

And the mind is soothed
therin.

This is life, for most,
and for I, surely, not only
time,
but sex,
and do I choose,
procreation,

and emacipation
from childhood imaginings
of pain
and suffering.

Fin.

Onward March

Greg Norton

Time tells no secrets

yet from within the heart
of any immaculate artist
may emerge truth.

Now, where does one go
for comfort,
sustenance, care,
Oneness?

Love Only is Immense.

Oh, Lord, why try.

Seems as if World hold no
more secrets,

for you, or I.

Yet, no. Turn upon any
given page,
peace flows, immaculate...
immense.

Free-form.

How about now?

Or then?

Or Never?

Well, to know I,

the Inner I,
Well, many, many
meanings
need be understood.

When, then, how do I feel?

Turning, turning back,
afore the pages of
beneath,
where one already were.

Look now, and find.

Where, when, how, why.

Leave them all behind,
apprehend the Truth,
as can be found. Now, to
leave such behind,
such is Grief, intense.

So, just know,
then,
that life
contains so much so
as to be real,
or else.

Then why?

Or Not?

Well, I don't pretend to
know.

Infinite multiplicity,
perhaps,
or stern treatment.

Don't really care to give a
damn.

But of Life, such is Much,
Such, Real.

Now, Friend, linger not
elsewhere, for long....

For time marches on, ever,
eternal, ceaseless,
changing
morphing into new and
interesting shapes.

So beware not, or
anything,
just know.

Period.

Parallels
and
Juxtapositions

Greg Norton

Father Time. Mother
Love. Planet Earth. This
great Galaxy.

These are the recurring
themes of the Future.

Knowing Time, one
knows Love. Knowing
Love, one may find the
Earth. Feet planted firmly
upon

the ground, one may
look... onto the sun, moon,
and stars... and even peer
ahead in time. For the

mechanics of the Solar
System are generally
unchanging... with the
precision of a timepiece
do the spheres revolve.

Where is this place? To speak rather abstractly, isn't this Solar System here something akin to a complex logarithm deep-construed of its orientation within the great whirlpool, the Galaxy?

And more abstractly still, aren't the many languages of Earth, the races, anamalia, and

plantlife all in
a sense organic
derivations of that 'deep
pull,' the inter-
relationships of space and
time, sprung of, or
spun from our individual
relationships amongst the
massive, deep center of all
weightiness around
which all revolve?

Loom: Fibers into yarn
or thread... yarn or thread
into a fabric... fabric into...
Tapestry.

What does it mean to perceive a thing? Perhaps this itself is an exhibition of duality. In other words, question implies answer. Dark implies light. Up necessitates down. So to ask, then, is to receive. And, when, seen from afar as a balance, such dual factid is exhibition of what?

Two cameras, each

preserving the other in
space and time?

In evolved fashion, a
dual pairing, or, the
perfect number, Four.

Story.

For as lands evolve,
thru mythic subscapes,
twins and partners are
observed, which describe
what?

Parallels... what is seen

inherently describes that
which is unseen... down,
down, down, or one
should say, 'up from the
skies' arises semblances,
and messages... of what?
Reflections and
permutations in Time... of
what?

The Galaxies twin?

For by inherently
looking inward, in depth,
pushing, as it were, out
upon the future... the

pull...
resisting the pull...as it
were, sailing 'into the
wind,' so does one firstly
and finally... in minute
fashion
see naught but a mirror...
ones own reflection... in
eternally evolving
permutation.

'The Future come to
splash upon one's
immaculate expressive
pallate... what is the
human

consciousness.'

Resistance is futile...
but necessary, and
mandatory.

Responses are usually
instinctive... driven...
fashioned... of parallels
and juxtapositions
rendered in
immaculacy... throughout
lucid mindfulness.

So then, to go forward,
as fully honest and lucid

mirror to the hidden sub-
reality, the unseen, one
might be found to have
moved ones self into closer
harmony with ones twin...
with ones perfect
partner, in life, or death.
Thee, and that, are mirror
images of one another...
period. Zen: Keep
always one's mirror clean
and clear.

Knowing, too, then,
that thee aren't alone, in
journey of life, one feel

comforted in
togetherness... at
best, unity.

So, then in the world of
the arts, both, in a sense,
are observers. Sifting thru
illusions of mind,
arising, arriving, in time,
at state of active dance
forms... synchrony... you
discover your Oneness.

Then, to reflect one
artist, the world chooses
the mirror, to reflect

accurately, mirror reflects,
accurately, mirror. And so
on.

Chains of command.

So, then, success in
world of arts show forth
artist community as an
accurate dynamic
reflection of
society as whole, even
while such greater world
grow, thru mindful
permutation, up as
representation of

it's best... its brightest.

A house of mirrors.

And yes, such bright
physical existances do,
too, have dark sides.

Habits, hang-ups,
histories...

None are without blemish,
distortion, or uncertainty.

So, then, you have
similitudes, and
parallels... as well as
opposites, diminishments,

or physical
distractions.

In a sense, would one
be good, he himself will
have evoked also his or
her 'loyal ministers,'
parallell
minutiea.

A thought: Does one's
life describe a square, or
perhaps a more rectilinear
shape? Does one
perhaps see the Image of
God, the human form?

Nicotine... Alcohol...
Promiscuity...
Uncleanliness... Disorder...
these are the angularities
of a life.

Schools, churches,
organizations... friends
and lovers... these are
one's parallell spirit in the
world...
one's co-relative support
system.

To take your best, your

brightest, and challenge
them to achieve oneness,
greatness, is to ask hard
questions of world
inherently.

What I do know, and
may show, of artists... such
as galleries... museums...
showcases... these are
houses of light, and
enlightenment, thru which
others might know what
has been seen, and is
shown.

And what is a church
steeple, if not the severest
angularity of western
architecture, for to uplift
the
holy cross?

And, after all, aren't the
temple of the human spirit
simply the human body?
(And, too, what is
Soul, if not Twin relater?
And what are gene
sequence, double helix,
atom, then, but
programs...

evoking in time reunions,
as it were, in general.
Plans and Layouts of a life,
or lives, one should say.)
Density of material form is
a constant. Space is an
infinite, ever-expanding
outward showing forth.

And finally, then, to live
a life of wisdom, and
tempering of the Spirit, is
to know, without question,
that actions have
consequences, and that
balanced existence takes

much discipline, patience
and
practice to find... In short,
'Interior clarity...' in other
words, '...mindful of both
inner, and outer
landscapes, such is
beautiful,' ...period.

And when,
'enlightened and seeing
far in all directions,' one
find one's self astray, in
any way,
seeming to describe
unfamiliar, and

irrelevancies... or dwelling
and working amongst
conflicted
themes, then couldn't it be
said, too, that such as
imbalance were imminent,
or being shown forth, or
revealed as 'somewhere
out upon one's horizon?'

For All are responsible
for their actions...
accurate accounting yeilds
sound return.

So, would one return,

over time, to accurate
divination, soothsaying,
and prediction, best be
sure
present flexive realities
are situated firmly, as it
were, within supportive
landscapes and layerings
in
general... relationships are
always important.

For to go forth, drawing
water from a wicked pit, or
poisoned well is to admit
disaster, and

heartache of the world.

Would one be born
during a war, best to be
most fluent and capable of
discernment in general,
since
inceptual program is
bound to be distracted, at
worst, stunted, or short
lived, in negative aspect.

(That is, indeed, if one
draw also from one's own
deep well, that of inherent
self-critique and

analysis.)

And of Zen:

Whilst you have blue,
you have also yellow, in
this present sphere.

While you have black,
you also have red, dwell
amongst present world.

The un-manifest of blue
is clear... one sees water.

The un-manifest of

yellow is white... one sees
air... cloudforms.

The un-manifest of
black... is gray... one
might say, night, or
shadows.

The un-manifest of red
might be said to be pink...
one might say, conflicted
youth.

(Such material
Universe can indeed be
expressed

impressionistically,
poetically, and stumble
also,
in time, upon
understanding.)

Midnight mirrors: One
sees naught but black, and
gray.

Daylight, or summer
reflection: One takes a dip
in the pool, or pond, and
cool off. Funny that,
how the Great Wheel turns
us all, in time, thru paths

we may, at length, call our
own.

Know Thyself, lest thee
forget thine Own, and the
known, and find one's self
led into yet deeper
night, and inky blackness.

This is the truest advice
of the immortals, those
who have departed, yet
live on.

Peace

Greg Norton

Time, it tells no secrets.

Now I know you, three.

And what more could one
ask,
my friend,
but to say,
'life lives within ye,

so fully,
now,
that I must surely get
around
ye,
to study
my own heart,
in time.'

Now I know All.

All is real, like I.

Now you, too,
have things and places to
name.

Now have ye free will,
as some do,
ye might announce
unto all the world,
what I myself
feel at times.

Not bad,
nor good,
simply a color in a pallatte,
like green,
or gray,
red,or black.

And what is more,

such as these
surely have
will to say,
for I, in time.

So far be it from me,
myself,
to announce to all the
world
that I could blame another
for his or her meager
thoughts
a time of insularity,
or youth.

Such is life.

Live it well,
or find life depart
from ye.

Now.

What is real,
but to say,
the last freedom found,
is surely the beginning
of all chaos,
disorder,
and disunity.

Peace.

Peace Builds

Greg Norton

Love only is divine.

Peace flows, organic and
various.

Lovers portray fantasy

realms
in fictional worlds only.

Time only is
immense. Universe is sky.

Freedom is bliss.

Bliss. What wonder word
contains!

Imagine sky, sparkle
ocean,
drink, in autumn reds, and
golds.
That is fine.

Grounded within silence,
one find peace all around.

That, too, is wellspring,
also divine.

The Lord above is Good.

God is good, like that.

Know pathways of Spirit
to be your own land...
your household,
relationships,
word choice selection,

food you buy.

Genius may be sprung of
the moment,
or simply take time to
develop.

Automobile sounds,
mindful and dynamic,
exhibit breadth and scale of
things, in general.

That, too is true.

Even answers have
answers,

and successive answers.

Thus is life.

Everywhere all about,
love, life, liberty, peace.

So why the apparent
torpor?

An artist in residence,
looking both backwards
and forwards,
simultaneously,
have needs.

Peace builds. This is truth,
as I have found it to be
given,
from above, to myself.

This is green.

Peace,
Patience,
& Practice

Greg Norton

To be grounded in
blessed silence... such
yeilds bliss, peace,
patience, practice...
discipline.

Understanding how
God shows forth Himself
thru occurences and
happennings, as they come
or are
willed into being, one own

sense of divine broadens,
or expands... and these or
those 'automatic
responses' find descent
below and beneath level of
immediate appearances...
below... below... the
surface of the Ocean, to
move gracefully along and
amongst deep bottom
currents. Such is life,
tending
toward peace, and
stillness.

Activity and energy but

await those moments 'in
between,' times when
contemplation and
evaluation
of one's self and evolving
life situations are more
readily found, or
ascertained.

To locate ones standing
in the world of the arts...
the arts of the mind... such
starts small.

Discernment of bliss...
such as this, 'follow your
bliss...' (the late Joseph

Campbell), such leads to finding the keys and paths you yourself might alight the currents with.

Myself, knowing below, or deep to be material accomplishment which I am really proud of, tending toward, later height of gain, one finds, in time, high output from a deep source, or grasp of things.

So, just always wanting to slow down, to stop

dancing wildly, madly, and
begin slow, even rhythms
and flows, which express
in general a more timeless
feel.

Today, such as this is a
good doorway into folk
music scene, in general, or
for the younger, perhaps
ambient, or acoustic
improvisation.

Keyboards,
synthesizers, computers,
home studios, such as

these definitely lead
creative minds
along current paths.

For myself, anyway,
early schooling in piano
music notation and hand
co-ordination, sight-
reading,
growing, in time towards
committing pieces to
memory, and later, jazzy
improvisation... in time, I
was
able to start recording and
critiquing my own playing.

This was really key, for it
let me bring my own
distanced perceptions to
bear upon myself, as it
were, 'how would this
really sound, if I heard it
on the
radio, or from an outsiders
perspective.' And then,
for current upwaft, finding
slow, abstract or 'space'
music good entrance point
for learning
improv. licks and stylings,
which I knew I could
develop, in time to a real

direction out of my
youthful
dreams, into fashionings
which might serve as a
gift, say for a birthday
present, or Christmas.

So you see, such as
discipline and patience,
practice, finally doing that
which you love most of all
to
do anyway, these are gifts
you give, firstly unto
yourself, and hopefully to
others.

Present Sense

Greg Norton

The theme of an
existence, its spirit, is
relative to the work it
does, for the good of the
whole.

This is important to
remember.

'One cannot sit still
while life swirls all around,
else he'll eventually find
alienation for himself.'

Guess, for myself, takes
a bit of impetus to get
going.

Such is highly relevant
to the feel of the space one
find oneself within.

Do a day show you well,
show warmth, or comfort,
home is Great.

But friend, the space is
cold if the peace isn't
engendered.

Time is wise.

Not only are things
seen, in time they become
seen appropriately, with
perspective.

This is all I really know

of it.

Sure helps to have a strong, well established friend come forth, and provide an inspiring moment, a time for perspective.

Healers. May, also be old friends, dear relatives, brother or sister.

Do time take place of God?

Questions such as these
take time to answer,
inherently.

God is Real. All. The
two are inseperable.

This how men find
such, in time, being life
inherent.

Life yeilds redemption,
when brought together
into a collective.

This is the genre one

finds self within. This is
the community, be such
page, place, or time.
Friends, and
acquaintances.

This how I define life,
in general.

It's known how people
have to live together.

Therefore, expressions
should be tainted not with
ritual portrayal, nor
sacrifice.

These are detriment to
the present, fragmentation
of whole.

Disunity, disrespect,
such as these destroy
sense of self, in general.

I don't know how it
could come to be, but the
world works in magical
ways.

Such as telepathy, OBE,
these, generally not real.

Rules of life dictate that
minds are not inherently
open, directly, to
inspection.

This keeps streets sane.

Approach another in
such fashion: Hello, good
day, swiftly diminishing
acrued portent of empty
space, as forms. As
without, so within. So it
goes.

**Romance,
Freedom,
and the Arts**

Greg Norton

So, what of the spirit of
eros?

Would a life be real, he
or she will contain
diversity, on some level.

Would one be an artist,
a philosopher, or poet,
well, then, he or she likely
find them selves thought
'romantic,' or 'pseudo-
romantic,' in general tone
or spirit.

Now, living a romantic,
or 'individualistic' lifestyle
comes with many practical
perks and gains.

Surely the least benefit of the romance spirit in a world of sharp definitions would have to be the feelings, the feeling of being somehow 'different' from the rest, 'alternative' in lifestyle, or more free in terms of expressions and interactions.

Well, then, I guess, what does it mean to be 'free?'

Surely, this begins with

being gifted a life in
America, or other
democratic land. Being
gifted of heredity, mind
you, is an altogether
different prospect.

Well, the meanings
contained within the
'gifted' child, or young
adult, or even life in the
world of
adult interactions are
immense.

To be gifted... this is a

divine gift of the utmost
value.

And what, then, does
this mean, or imply?

One is gifted with a
mind for facts.

One is gifted with a
penchant for reading.
(Reading has been shown,
too, to raise I.Q.)

One is most certainly
gifted when born into a

strong, well defined family
with a good history.

One is always gifted
manifestly by having
loving caring family and
friends throughout life.

Formative years are
critical.

One might be 'gifted' of
an early release from
debtors prison, and the
sense of new beginning
this
would bring.

One might be gifted of
being an cancer survivor,
and greater enthuse in
general.

But of freedom... all is
gift, here. Having the
status quo, in todays
world, surely indicates
freedom of
speech, and worship, and
hopefully, a representative
government.

The romantic life...

gifted, as it is to free and bound alike, is held up as being general terrain of youthful spirit, of change, upheaval, at times, new beginnings always.

Were it not for a lands artist-dreamers, at the very least there would be none of the precious lubricating flow which unbinds our collective psyches with generally motile rivulets of motion and

activity.

Crucial, always, are these walls which separate people. It therefore follows that diversion, entertainment, and enrichment, these 'leisure entertainers,' are, in a sense, social 'activators,' our battery re-chargers.

Take a static situation, a driven landscape of any portion of laze, haze, or

uncertainty, and throw the
youth and vitality the
sheer energy of a modern
artist, or writer in
amongst, and what do you
have?

You have, basically, new
life. The given system, as
it were before, begins to
glow, to dance, to oscillate
with vitality. These, one
and all, are 'artists' in the
world, the spirit about
them.

So what, then, of eros?

Well, eros is thus: The length of a womans body, her shape and physical form. Her face. Her soul, and spirit, her vitality and liveliness.

Her hands, her armpits, her chin, her feet... all may at times be eros to a man.

Legs are shaped along divine forms, the upward flow, annunciated and articulated then into fingertips, and the greater

flower... the human face.

Knowing a woman with
both heart and mind...
what depth one sees.

Being both a giver, and
taker, receiver and gift,
hers is pleasure inherent.
Hers is what one may
refer to as 'sexy-in-
ecstasy...' the life force,
the hidden vitality.

And what of hidden
treasure? Men call such

god, at times, hope at
others, release in
general... and
within definite terms,
procreation.

Knowing, too, how
romance and liveliness in
world is component from
afore all time, women, too,
become always cartakers,
and caregivers of males
with whom they entertain.
Period.

Living here, or there,

where women and men
dwell amongst, is vitality
in action. Knowing how
life

is redeemed from
emotionalism by a womans
hands, and physical
affection, men alway see
such as

lucid mind-shapers,
capable of devolving the
most fierce passion, into
sleep, or new growth, or
change.

Renewal, too is her gift.

For by touching base
with her most sobriest
of complaints, and forays
into the unknown, men
always are given many,
and many insights into
their own 'hidden natures.'

A womans perspective:

'Upon watching your
own child, freely and
accurately entertaining his
or her own self, even
amidst

activity all about, one
feels, often joy, often
sadness, often regret. For
even children get older,
and
wiser, and always are
parents there to lend a
hand up from a bind.

'Knowing the vast
distances to be crossed,
the struggles and
tribulations of life, as may
be, parents
find often satisfaction in
ensuring the 'early years'

are the best.

'For by nurturing and
cherishing the youth, the
old, too are benefitted.

This is the gift of art,
literature, poem, music,
song... all beauty.

Seeming to be peace, from
afar, distant, young and
old alike

recollect times of present
thru their youthful spirits,
who seem, too, to live,
forever unchanged, across
all time.'

And it, too, is upon
such broad sweeping
pallate that the youthful
artist paints... seeking for
'timelessness,' for equal
benefit, whatever the day
or the hour of night.

Sense

Greg Norton

Lovers relate

immaculate truths
in spheres un-defined

How, then
is one here,
to reconcile
greed with
envy,
lust with
avarice
decay
with
new growth?

Grow.

Simple Things

Greg Norton

Now, the Earth, the cool
Earth.

Sitting upon the ground,
studying the heavens.

Watching the stars wheel...
the moon arc.

Trees and grasses cover
the Earth,
green vegetation sprung of
seed, water, and soil.

A wolf speaks in the
distance, and maybe,
an owl will hoot.

Arising, in time, and
returning to house,
with clear mind, and body,

free from ongoing, and
worry.

What makes the natural
world so beautiful?

Perhaps it is the open
space,
the empty air, the vast sky.

The mind seems always to
expand, somehow,
upon stepping out of
doors.

Think I'll put on a pot of

coffee later,
and get some writing, or
reading done.

Surely, to bring a larger
perspective
to the keyboardyields
rewards.

Looking upon the past
is like studying a book.

Events and happenings
spool afore the eyes,
like paragraphs, words
upon the page.

Know, now that time is
immense.

To know how to treat one
another,
this is sweet reward,
for such yeilds
companionship,
togetherness,
and peace.

Oneness, and unity is
sprung
not so much from
singularity,

as it is knowing how to
treat ones brother, or
sister,
inherently.

This helps keep families
strong.

Good upbringing
surely tells me much that I
need to know,
but often, I find myself
watching others,
learning from their actions
and interactions.

Let one hope, that the
actions of others
do not set poor examples,
for a youth, or child,
and that such adhere to
the right,
and the true.

Morning, this is always
much.

To find all that one needs
in the simple gifts
one gives oneself,
to start the day,
this is a good thing,

inherently.

Peace is where you find it.

Freedom is the greatest
gift

any man or woman
could ever hope to
enjoy. So mind time,
be true,
enjoy life, and freedom,
and never forget
ones own, and the known.

Take the time to enjoy
the great outdoors,

see what it can show you.

Go to a mountain top,
survey the land below.

And when you have had
your fill,
take leave, and return
home.

You'll be better off for it.

Sky

Greg Norton

Well, Sky.

What meanings
word contains!

To you, or I, perhaps,
that which filters thru
branches,
or comes from above.

Earth... is Real, as well.
Perhaps, more so.

For to know God,
thereby is to know Christ.

Buddah, on the other
hand,
him is God as well.

Now, Love, Oh, all is rich,
pleasure,
earthly delight.

Heaven scent,
love crosses all borders,
without regard
for hatred or suspicion. Oh,

me, oh my,
when I consider
the Sky, with its wonders.

The clouds, above,
the occasional plane, or
bird...
and free-form imaginings,
the general terrain of
youth
and innocence.

Now lovers,
we all know One.

One in Every one of Us.

Not any are neglected.

Simple as pie, really.

No need to fret, nor
ponder
over vague, abstract
constructs
of older people.

One, finally, firstly,
too, is Sky.

And what Sky hold,
such is peace.

Now, to know God,
this is good, may be small,
or little.

Nowhere is it ever seen
the meanings
for the word Maker.

Such is Creator, yes,
but do we know our
fashioner?

Our stylist?

Our Source pool?

Impossible.

Indeed. So, carry not with
you the wrathful spirit
brought forth from One.

He is small, says much,
sees little.

So, Men, hold true first to
your Heart.

Such Is, will always be.

May my words be found

acceptable
to the eyes of the Lord.

Spirit Time

Greg Norton

So these, those,
all,
are one,
not amongst themselves,

only,
but others,
man,
and freedom.

For these
are the touchstones
of civilization.

Now I hold rules
to be much.

So do thee.

This how we keep
the laws in place.

Now,
what of Love,
and livliness?

And magick?

Well, what shall I say,
maybe... white witches,
dwelling craftily,
upon the land? Perhaps.

Sure, such as I
know craft,
much,
and discipline,

some,
and
Time,
immense,
especially
such as world,
or
All,
either.

All in One,
One, I,
and ye,
everybody
with a heart
and mind to try,

free form expression...
...and talent,
gifts.

Surely,
practice
yeild
rewards.

Like, say,
to the novice writer,
How do ye play the
feminine part?

This is a Hard lesson to
learn.

Period.

The mind takes much,
patience really,
to get around to learning
to admit and allow
the subtlest variance,
and shade of color
within.

Such is like, well,
for I, there's not much
question
usually,
as to what should be.

But to you, perhaps,
might take years of
practice
to learn, to get there,
testing all
against
complex
life.

Life itself.

What is it?

Well, experience.

The years,

spent living.

Some hard,
some soft.

Old, usually better off,
kind of like young.

Crossing distances,
the ten, maybe fifteen
years
where one does the most
growing,
say adolescence,
into maturity,
finding the hard end of

things,
as men sometimes do,
mid-life crisis,
illness,
weakness,
we all have to learn
hard lessons,
learn proper values.

Placing gift upon the meek
surely yeild rewards
we come all upon in time.

Now to know Time,
this is immense.Time,
period.

Enduring,
across patches
of time,
also,
to support ones collective
gracefully.

This is much,
for those with little
endurance.

We find substances,
not,
but such windows
as smoke...

tobacco,
nicotine,
this give the boost,
some need.

But drugs,
a definite no-no.

In case one is wondering,
they should never be
condoned
among thy ways.

Some do.

Hazy minds,

in general,
find haze, glaze,
laze,
...uncertainty,
dis-ease,
or unrest, often.

Clarity,
peace,
these are truly great.

I have come to this
my own fashion,
over time;

And as One,

I, me,
find love, and emotion,
real feeling,
herein.

And knowing, thee, too,
know of such,
surely know thou time is
secure.

Spirit,

&

Soul

Greg Norton

Know, now,
what is meant by time.

Moments... years.

Flow, not of an ethereal
intangible,
as men could really
perceive, no,
but the hands upon a

clock,
and putting one's head, in
time,
upon a pillow.

This is Time.

Empty space is quite
positively hollow.

No other understanding
need be found.

Mind, Spirit, these come
with the turf, here.

Now, what of Mind?

Is an intangible?

An unknowable?

What is?

When you're in it, you
know.

(In here)

Below?

Above?Where?

Lets see...
How about,
address the Spirit,
and see.

Feel, ye, in time, the soul...
the Great Soul,
immaculate, expansive,
deep.

Trancy. In other words,
to be in, is to be out.

So, perhaps, beyond, or
outside,
somehow above the Earth,

Another Realm,
A Kingdom for you,
A Mystery.

Peace, Love, Joy, such is
Real.

Real is Mind, as well.

Perhaps.... quantum
consciousness? Maybe?

Don't know really.

Oh, to partake, and know.

(In Time)

Surely, The Lord

Greg Norton

Surely, Time is real.

This how I know God.

Now, I know All.

And All, too is man.

Man, three, find peace in
time,
with or without myself. For
I am fallible,
as any other,
save with one primal
difference:
Man in I.

Man in I is God, as well.

This work well in world,
I feel,

to engender,
to challenge,
to change,
things about me.

Its true,
Time is the answer
for some.

Yet, here,
the Lord above is
generally good.

So long as one do
the right paths,
inherently,

then none is lost.

This how
I know Spirit.

That's Lord.

And Lord,
my friend,
is Time.

So, Time, Lord,
Spirit, Time,
Friend,
Machine,
and

One...
What peace
one find,
inherently.

Now,
having
admitted unto myself the
good,
I may go forward,
and know, in time,
my own self,
another day.

Take Care

Greg Norton

Lovers relate immaculate
truths

in spheres un-related,
inherently.

Time, while Lord,
seeks not
the wiles of man
to become reverifiable.

Any.

That is precisely why,
it seems,
that men sometimes
go astray
along sexual paths.

So, next time you
fall,
in accordance
with whatever
you should
abscond
with,
then blame

not upon
the Cosmos.
At all.

The Past

Greg Norton

Lovers, unite!

For tho time tells no
secrets,it still could be
said
that men are not immortal.

Do one dream well,
well, then, he should do
that.

And what of life?

Well, life is what
you make of it.

And when,
all things considered,

any one of us do stray,
perhaps along a down
turn,
or fall,
well, then that is purely
our own business.

This is why I know
that the media
hold true only
to themselves,
adhering not
unto any other.

And if you don't mind
me saying so,

You, too,
are great.

Whoever
you yourself
might be.

And never, ever
let it be thought
that there could be
any greater understanding
than this.

We are all bright shining
stars,
gifted, it would seem,

of the Lord above.

Never, ever
could it be said
that any are really
better than another,
herein.

And Why do I
feel this way?

Perhaps because
of what my future holds.

Perhaps life,
perhaps dead.

Yet, know all along
that life is what
you make of it.

Period.

Such is,
always will be
the future.

This how
I know life.

Time

Greg Norton

Time itself tells no lies.

Friend or foe, we all
separate,
subdivide along the
following paths:

Time.

Worship.

Father.

Mother.

Friend,

Foe. Love is not taken
freely.

Many, many
understandings and
meanings

must be acquired to fully
descend the scale of life...
to flow within, amongst.

These, such as this... all
fortell dreams of future.

What the one knows, the
other knows to be false.

When life is discerned,
many variables accrue.

Many, love only one, all
time.

Know you know. Now.

**Time, Youth,
Innocence**

Greg Norton

Lovers relate no secrets,
less they are drawn out by
another.

Knowing this,
and how men and women
have to live together,
it would seem,
my friends,
that time tells no secrets.

You should always
exercise judiciousness
in your race relations.

You shouldn't give
more of yourself
than you are willing to
give unto you.

Yourself,
you,
know God.

Therefore,
I ask thee this.

May I put my words upon
your website
so that you might truly
see my deepest non-
complaints?

Period.

To Try

Greg Norton

Time feels well, in general,

Ones God is swell,
The sky is high,
Or the treatments are
light...
Well, then, all is well.

Text and clues of day,
within, amongst,
thruout,
all seem relevant to day,
itself.

How do day feel?

Any good ideas?

Anything uplifting,
humorous, poetic
to recall?

These shape the eventides,
fashion the comforts...

the gifts, one and all.

Love, nor thirst,
for the exquisite,
save thee find truth
all within,
about,
amongst
and
thruout.

This is thought rule,
in general.

Do day show hard,
survival tacticts indicated,

well, then carve out
a hollow spot
in a hillside, and dream.

But never,
write from
an ill spirit.

This is necessary,
and mandatory.

Age is relevant.

Older, generally
wiser.

This is passage of hours,
thought some
to be
accrued
gain.

Know
life is what
you make of it.

Period.

So, fail to try,
well, then,
who have thee
to blame

but yourself
inherently

For a stale spirit
tends to be in-vital,
in other words,
had one set a pattern,
a direction,
within life as a whole,
far best
to carry
forward,
amongst
the good.

Period.

Trothe

Greg Norton

Lovers relate immaculate
truths

in spheres undefined.

It is for this reason,
and this reason alone,

that one such as I
must rescend to the
immortals
the reigns of the heavens.

Looking only to the stars
surely prompts greater
autonomy amongst
they who are yet
earthbound.

Do thee tend to dream
amongst
journal writing,
then thee know,
however,

that thee cannot simply be
autonomous amongst
thyself.

It is for this reason
that those above,
about,
send their own truths
along the way,
to benefit
those yet to be born.

Period.

Twelve

Greg Norton

Time itself tells no secrets,
yet from within the mind
of any accurate artist
may emerge genuine
truths.

Where do all of these
visions flow from? Perhaps
God.

Perhaps Man.

Now where, then,
do dreams flow from,
in general?

Perhaps a land far away,
the future
or the past.

And of love?

Well, love is what
you make of it.
Period.

And, then, when wanting
to swift oneself along
paths
of understanding,
surely, it could be said
that any one of us
should just look within.

Period.

There is no greater truth
that can be found.

Look to the deepest
physical

part of your being,
and address the void.

'How do I feel,
right now?'

'Is that right?'

And where, then,
do I derive
my understanding?

From below,
the immaculate
land of immortals.

Up From

Shadows

Greg Norton

And what, then, of
'world spirit?'

World spirit can be

found in no certain place,
in general. One gets feel
for some 'flow,' emergent
of
sound machinery, in
Galactic spheres.

Such is seen to be
dream world, illusion. At
best, a tempoary aura,
which changes with
moment.

You can turn a
television off, turning your
inner self off can be

trickier.

Hard times leave
bruises, memories.

These linger a while,
and fade. Some scars can
last a lifetime, and need
understanding, and
compassion.

Knock upon the door of
a house in anytown, Earth,
and enter.

One finds all the things,

period. Any and all.

Romance, argument,
study, dinner, breakfast,
sweep, clean... watch,
listen... dream... these,
each

and every minute
coloration of wardrobe
selection, forays to market
for this treat or energy
boost, or
ingredient... these, one
and all, are lives, on and
on, day to day vital
existence.

Life force, in general, is only diminished by physical suffering. People everywhere are faced with complex struggles and cruxes inherently, and seem, in time, gifted of both work, and play, relaxation and sleep. Most of us give these things unto ourselves, blessed as we are with life.

Unemployment, for

those accustomed to work,
can be seen as 'system
shock,' or major setback,
crisis.

A single parent, living
out of her car with two
kids in tow, finds little time
for 'personal enrichment.'

A Dad, with no job,
home with his thoughts
alone, sees alcohol as
escape, or change. So
meager
accounts are diminished,

college funds tapped into.

Very young minds see
ailiments everywhere,
casting down others for
their hard earned
possessions.

Materialistic society, to
him or her, is 'capitalist
disorder, excess.'

But these are the fibers
from which genuine
wisdom may take shape, in
time.

Life is hard. Gain is accomplished by positive endeavor, and not by complaining.

Showing forth your own self, as strong self-made individual with good things to say, a direction... forwards, for such own self pursuit, and benefit. Aims and goals, beliefs, principles. An honest grounding within 'greater whole,' as acceptable, or

integral component of
ones own group, a local,
regional, a national
system... here is a good
place to begin, to grow,
and to achieve.

Is it true, what is said,
'without going out of your
doorway, much can be
found?'

Your culture is your
home. Find yourself, in
time, both shaper, and
shaped of those around

and
about.

Simplicity and economy are formed of every little thing, they are all for and by yourself. You can't impose your beliefs upon others. Period. You learn this as you get older, and settle into your your own 'comfort zone,' say, your favorite reading chair, for instance, or your desk, or art bench. Such is life.

When I myself started really seeing depth in things, in general, I went towards folk music, and artistic visionary reading materials.

Such as this eventually led me around to seeing Mother Earth as wanting or needing 'taken care of,' by myself.

I was riding upon the crest of my vanishing childhood, and coming to

crash lazily upon the
shore.

The 'shore,' in my case,
was, just that. Myself.

Facing myself, and the
questions of my existance,
in time, I came to just
want to have a say, to
contribute, to play a part,
however small.

With just a little self
confidence, in a while, I
found that I, too, could

give service, could 'lend a hand,' for what good might eventually come to be. This was, and still is, my vision.

So here. What you can find, you can keep for your use. I've got more than enough, for just myself. See, how I end up helping myself, by this way? You can get a sense of how a more mature person thinks, like this. He or she only want to help you, do

you want to help yourself.

Verne

Greg Norton

What is art?

Well, art
is science.

Science
is Love.

And what is love? Well, my
friend,
honest love is an
intangible.

Simple honesty,
as previously stated,
is also a difficult
thing to get.

Like, say,
how do one choose
to portray oneself
into the future?

Compensatory
for what the present has
shown,
of judgment,
or what?

Thrusting outward,
upon that which
is not yours to contain
or manipulate,
inherently
works woe.

Work comes from
the heart.

This is known.

Not ever are there
questions
within men or women
regarding the value of
work.

Such you see here
is just that.

Writing,
to me,
is endeavor.

Endeavor
yeilds
fruits.

Simple as this.

For those with
scars,
illnesses, medication,
great distance,
poor tools,
resources not,
nor articulate ability,
such may well
be seen not
herin.

However,
dreams
are always good.

That is to say,
so long as they are in some
way
positive.

Of course,
theres nothing that can
be said of some
but difficult.

Trouble.

Inherently.

Why is this?

Perhaps,
this is because
them or they
draw not fully
from within.

Or look too fully
elsewhere,
save where he or she
already is, or are.

This is fine,

for most,
but for myself,
finding present
to be well
already,
simply dream not
for the worst,
but for the best.

Seems logical,
as such. Therefore,
knowing
time,
and judgment,
inherently,
asking

not for any more
error
of those about,
any youth
or person,
woman
or man,
may find
their own contentment,
their own way,
their own time.

Period.

Yellow Leaves

Greg Norton

Knowing how God

shows forth him or herself
on a given instance
or over a period of time,
or in the now,
and being able to put such
into words,
this is common, and
valuable.

Things like the shape of
the sky,
or the texture of the
leaves,
or, say, do he or it or she
want to express what?

Finding much and much
to be much,
such,
and All,
surely leads
the deep mind inward.

What one finds below the

surface,
on the floor,
say, of the ocean,
now this is good for God.

Surely, the air is space,
but the sky is dim, by
comparison,
to the colors of the fish of
the deeps.

This how I know love.

Love spares no punches,
no expenses,
in its own time.

Freedom is immense,
as well,
and so,
dear one
find not
thy words
from within myself,
alone,
but say,
the greater collective in
time,
which too, has causes and
meanings for being.

And meanings,

what one finds therein,
well, particular to
individual,
for time.

Now, as mind, vision
becomes acuitous,
the gravity of the present
is shown.

For sure,
extremes of expression
may have once brought on
heartache,
but lest one
cross that way again,

children,
keep things simple,
straight.

This how I know life.

Rules are in place for a
reason.

Do you be young, small,
do not tempt the world
with wicked thoughts,
nor dreams that cannot
come true.

For, as I, such feel much,

in time
to call one with such as I.

Lifes big questions,
what are they to I,
save balance,
equinimity,
harmony,
clarity,
judiciousness,
in all you do,
equity, too, in finances,
and dealings,
knowing when ones time
has come,
to rise,

and work,
such as these
let deep life enter
with ease.

For instance,
to the cultist,
such as rock star,
or hero dreamer...
these hear voices
calling them to react,
not upon or against
themselves,
but for
themselves.

Surely,
young people try,
also, to make their lives
better,
consistently.

That always
is thought well.

Now I know you,
also,
I hope by now,
you do as well.

